

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

What Strange Things Happen in That Mystic Realm.

Multitudes of Dreams for Hawthorne to Pass Upon.

There's Been Nothing Like This Tournament Since the World Began.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A gold double eagle goes to the relator of the most remarkable dream. Julian Hawhorne, the popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as short as possible (many of those received are altogether too long) and, above all, interesting.

He Has Stopped Smoking. While in my smoking-chair last night, I

dreamed that I had reached the gates of heaven, but the angel at the gate would not let me in, because my name was not on the book. I begged him to send some servants to look again, but they returned with the same answer. I then asked the angel to go, and he returned saying that my name was there, but it was so full of smoke that they could hardly distinguish it, I have not smoked since.

C. RENDER, 58 Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn.

Several years ago my has and was expecting an important business letter from a friend and business associate in London. The letter was delayed for several weeks, and 1, as well as my husband, was anxious and disturbed about it. One night I dreamed that the letter came, inclosed in a large blue en-velope. I saw in my dream the exact appearance of the letter, and understood the general purport of its contents. Two weeks from the night of the dream it was repeated in every detail exactly like the first. The next morning the letter came, its size, appearance and general purport exactly as I had twice dreamed it. I found that it was written the day previous to the first dream.

J. R. Gaiffin, 846 East Forty-second street.

A Prophetic Vision.

On the night of Jan. 6 I dreamed that my brother and I were ascending a hill for the purpose of seeing a horse race. Everything was beautiful until we reached the top of the hill, when all seemed to change to semi-darkness. The starting bell rang out and off went the horses at top speed, and my horse, which was a beautiful white, was away shead of all the others until within a few feet of the winning post, when it dropped dead and the jockey broke his arm. I turned round for my brother, but he was gone, and I failed to find him after what had been to me many hours' search. On the 22d of January I got a letter from Scotland telling me of the death of the brother whom I lost at the race course, and also that in the early part of the month my dear old mother had broken her leg.

G. R. M. hill, when all seemed to change to semi-dark-

A Chase for a Soul.

A few nights axo I dreamed I became suddenly conscious I had lost my soul. The discrete scovery caused me great mental distress, although I felt it possible to recover it by searching. I then began to look all about my room. I finally stooped and looked under the table, and there was my lost soul. It presented the appearance of a luminous ball about the size of a try balloon. It containally quivered, as toongh filed with mercury. I seized an iron poker, I sing conveniently lower from the water my unconscious my reach, when it bounds as to his character, which he observed the same and A few nights ago I dreamed I became sud-

Went Miles in Seconds.

ened by the fire bells. I got up and dressed, and, rushing into the street, found the whole city was on fire. Down Fulton street I ran. passing people and buildings I knew well, and, reaching the ferry, crossed to New York, going up Fulton street to Broadway, up

Broadway to Grand street, and thence to the ferry over to Broadway, Brooklyn, and in a roundabout way to my home. I found my house all right, and went in and to bed, from which I thought a fireman rushed in my room and caught hold of my foot to pull use out. I awoke. The pulling at my foot was my brother pulling off my shoe, and the bell had just struck the fifth stroke of 9 o'clock, thus having dreamed in those few seconds what would have taken hours to do.

EDGAR C. KRYLE.

Witnessed a Novel Experiment. I dreamed that I was accompanying a friend on an excursion to the planet Venus m bis nerial motor, the Space Annihilator, The object of our journey was to witness a trial of speed between a current of electricity and a ray of light. As we approached Venes I noticed innumerable airships steering towards the planet from all directions. On towards the planet from an arrevious. On arriving at our destination we found everything ready for the start. The course was not straight away, but with a turn, the start leing from Venus to Juniter and return. A wire was streighed for the electricity and a wire was stretched for the electricity and a reflector erected on Jupiter sent back the ray of light. The electricity was produced by an enormous compound dynamic and val-vanic generator, and a huge electric light furnished the ray. At a given signal the electric light flashed forth and the wire cir-quit was closed. Some of the size cirelectric light flashed forth and the wire circuit was closed. Some of those present
watched the receiver at the other end of the
wire, while others looked towards the reflector. The strain of anticipation was intense, and, just as I expected to see the flash
from the reflector or hear the rap from the
receiver—I awoke.

Nisyana.

A Very Unpleasant Dream.

I send you a dream which I have had several times. I dream that I open my eyes at night and see the face of an old woman close to mine. She puts one of her hands on my chest and presses it down till my breath is nearly gone, learing fiendichly in my face all the time. She then receases me for a little while, only that I may regain my breath for her to repeat the operation again and again until terror awakes. Strange to say, the face of the old woman is the face of my mother. There is no old lady in the world so dear, so lovely and so good as my mother. She is always connected in my mind with peaceful, pleasant thoughts. So why do I dream of her thus?

Mrs. S. D. She then receases me for a little

A French Soldier's Dream.

During the short war France had with Tunis we had been landed in Sfax, on the Mediterranean coast, and were kept busy skirmishing with the natives. We had been fighting hard all day and at night I soon fell isleep on the floor of the large room where we had our quarters.
I must have been sleeping for some time

I must have been sleeping for some time when I saw the Arabs coasing into the room. They looked like phantoms, shrouled in the long folds of their white burnouses. Prosently one of them crept towards me. I wanted to run out could not.

It is knee pressed my chest, his dark face bent over mine, a diabolical smile disclosing his teeth as white and sharp as a jackal's. Quick as hightning the man was slashing my face all over, the blood filling my eyes and dripping around my cars, making a warm pool under my head. Now his fingers were tightened on my threat like a band of steel, when I made a supreme effort to free myself and I awoke. Big drops of perspiration were rolling over my face, my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple with his left leg. I got up, straightened that pair of legs and went back to sleep, this time without dreams.

TABTARIN DE NEW YORK.

426 West Forty-fifth street.

A Very Strange Dream.

Early in the Spring of 1888 I dreamed of standing on the shore of a vast sea. Huge waves rose and fell in the fury of the tempest. Black clouds were driven at a marvellous speed overhead, while all nature seemed ex- at erting herself to make the scene one of terror. Far off on the waves and very distinctly I could see my son, who was attending school at Mount Hermon, sitting in a boat to which was attached a massive white horse. He held was attached a massive white horse. He held firmly to the reins, urging the beast to its utmost speed. I could see its huge muscles swell and contract in its efforts to swim through the mighty ballows. I called loudly: "John! John! stop, or you will be drowned!" He only turned his head and laughed in derision at my fears, still urging on the horse with whip and shouts of laughter.

I shouled once more in despair, when the horse with one mad plunge disappeared be-

One night about four years ago I returned home from work very tired, and, sitting on the edge of my bed, called my brother to pull off my shoes just as the City Hall bell began to strike 9 o'crock.

He took hold of my toot, and I fell asieep. I dreamed that I was in bed, and was awakened to find that the forthsming of my harmonic and, rushing into the street, found the whole and rushing into the street, found the whole of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo to fix the Society's office and asked to see President of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo to death of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo to conse around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and his was there with his wife at the appointed time.

They snow the atternoon, and is with his wife at the appointed time.

They snow the atternoon, and is with his wife at the appointed time.

They snow the atternoon, and the trends of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo to conse around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and his we all rushed over to starboard. I sprang upon the hammock netting and embraced the torgalant backstays, waiting for the shoes.

They snow the atternoon, and the strends in the occasion. They told him to come around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and the sweet at the appointed time.

They snow a strike a treatment of the red in the occasion. They told him to come around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and the sweet at the appointed time.

They snow have the atternoon, and the strends was him to come around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and the sweet at the appointed time.

They snow have at the atternoon, and the strends in the occasion.

They told him to come around at 5 o'crock in the atternoon, and the sweet at the appointed time.

They snow have at the atternoon, and the sweet at the appointed time.

They snow have at the atternoon, and the strends of the constant around at the tion. We were all standing on the port deck haremock had given way and let me down right on top of the gan tracks. I never had such a rousing, though, since the one my

(Continued from First Page.)

child was a vagrant and had no home or the case and that the parents were utterly improper persons to have the care of the child. The child was committed to the American Fernale Guardian Society, at No. 29 West Twenty-minth street. AGENT YOUNG'S INVESTIGATION

Fo far as the investigation by Young was outerned, it appears that all he d d was to concerned, it appears that all he d d was to make inquiries in the neighborhood, where the father was very little known, and to see Mrs. Harrison, who told him that the child had gone to the police herself and she didn't care what they did with Tina so long as she was taken of her hards.

was taken of her hands.
I pou this state of facts he made his report. rom the old country, and who has been been out of her mind by her troubles, have been unable to learn anything of their child,

THE PATHER'S SAD STORY.

The story of his loss, as told to a reporter of The Events Workin by the father in his broken English, is a most pitiful one, and the brutal treatment which he received from the officers of the Society, to whom he and his wife and friends applied time and again for some news of the little one, is enough to make the blood of any far minded, justice-loving a tizen boil with indignation.

DRIVEN OUT OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS. According to the father's story, he immediately went to the office of the Society, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and asked for his child. Christmas, a fortnight after the child was

taken up. Lie saw a man, who from his description he saw a man, who from his description must have been E. F. Jinkens, the Superintendent, who told him that there was no such child there and ordered him out of the place.

After waiting a coupe of weeks, during which he neglected his business in searching among his fedow-countrymen for some one to assist him in his trouble, he went a second time with the same result.

issist him in his trouble, he went a second time with the same result.

Then Mrs. Fisther Solomon, of the Lady Foresters' Society, became interested in his behalf, and in May they went together to the Society's office and saw Jinkens, who admitted that there was a child named Tima Weiss in the charge of the Society, but he would not tell them where she was. The inther and Mrs. Solomon describe the interview thus:

PROVED HE WAS THE PATRER

"How do I know that you are the father?" asked Jinkens of Wess.
"I have my marrage certificate," he answered," "and my wife and the other child

"I have my marrage certificate," he answered," "and my wife and the other child are in the old country. Many friends here know I am the father.

'Well, get your wife over here, then, to take care of the girl, and we'll see what we can do for you. You are a bad fellow and heat your child and you can't have her. Come, get out of here and don't bother us any more," and Mr. Jinkons, with the assistance of one of his sub-rdinates, put the poor fellow out of the office in spite of his tears and protests.

"An investigation of the records at Essex Which the officers of the Society have persistently protests.

"Apopted Out."

This institution occupies the large double.

HE DID BRING HIS WIFE OVER. He had by this time money enough to bring is wife over, so he seat her \$75 to pay for he passage of herself and little daughter. who is now six years old, with \$25 for addi-

tional expenses.
The mother had heard nothing of the loss self and had asked why they were not answered, for she supposed that Tina was going. "Did you know that the parents of the child here and learning to read and write, a thing which very few of the poor children get possession of her?"

in itussa could do. So she was very proud of her little daughter. HER PIRST QUESTION WAS FOR TINA. When she arrived at New York last July her

her first question when she met her husband at Castle Gerden was for Tiua.

He kept the news from her until he brought her to the rooms which he hat engaged for them at 192 Broome street. Then he told her

DIDN'T GET THE CHILD THEN. Soon after his wife's arrival Weiss went with her to the Society's office and saw Jinkens again. The latter told him that he did not know him or his wife, and made him come again and bring his marriage certificate with him, which he had to have translated from Hebrew, in which it was originally written, into English.

Jinkens also made him furnish a recom-

About two months ago, after waiting to hear from the Society, Weiss again took his wife to the Society's office and asked to see President

trying to get the child, because they could never see it again, and he ordered them to be put out of the office.

IT NEARLY CRAZED THE MOTHER. This reply nearly crazed the mother, who

had been hoping all the time that she would eventually get Tina back and had been work-ing hard to help her husband to get the money which they thought would be neces-sary to get Tina out of the hands of the So-

her.
"Ever since then," said the father last evening. "My wife has been sick. She does not cat anything and cries all day and hardly notices anything that is going on.
"I cannot understand how such thous can be the complete. I came here to give my

"I cannot understand how such things can be inthis free counity. I came here to give my children an education which they came t get in Ruseia. When I come here they are taken away from me without any reason.

"I first made up my mind to come to America ten years ago when I was in Paris, where I went to get a legacy that a relative had left too."

had left me.

'I heard so much about America that I

"I heard so much about America that I decided to come here, not to make money. but to educate my children.

"I have been married stateen years and have always lived happily with my wife and are able and willing to take care of her?"

TOLD HIM HE WAS DRUNK.

"They told me at the Society that I was drank; that I beat my child, and that she was afraid of me. It is a he. I never was drunk in my life, and my child loved me.

"She was always ghal to see me when I came home and wanted to be with me always. I knew she did not like Mrs. Harrison, but I thought she would take care of her antil I could bring my wife to this counher until I could bring my wife to this coun-

MRS. HARRISON HAS LEFT NEW YORK. Mrs. Harrison left New York about a year ago, and is now said to be living in Trenton,

The rooms in which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss are now living are three comfortably fur-Broome street.

He engaged them from Mrs. Dantziger, the

landlady, on July 1 last, and has been pay-ing his tent regularly ever since. He spout \$75 in furnishing the rooms, and everything looks clean and tidy about the place. The younger child is now going to public school in Broome street, and is bright and intelligent.

THE WEISS FAMILY RESPECTABLE. Mrs. Dantziger told the reporter of The Events Wonld that the Weisess were respectable, hard-working people, and that the husband was soler and industrious. I've worked regularly at his business and was kind and affectionate towards his wife and child.

child.
"I have heard all about the Society's get-ting the other child, and I think it is a shame-ful outrage. It has nearly killed Mrs. Weiss. and I know she will never be happy until she has her child back again. I hope she will

This institution occupies the large double building at 29 East Twenty-ninth street, extending through to Thirtieth street, and has several lundred unuates. Mrs. Harris, the Secretary, seemed surprised that any one should inquire for the Weisschild.

"She is not here any longer," she said last night to a recorder of Tur. Evenya Weight.

night to a reperier of THE EVENING WORLD The mother had heard nothing of the loss of Tina, for her husband had kept the news carefully from her in all his letters, though she had written several letters to Tina hereason to believe that she is very comfortably

DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE PARENTS. "I only know what Mr. Gerry's Society told us when she was committed to our care, and that was that the par nts were disrepulabe people and unfit to take care of the child that they beat and abused her, and that it was best that they should not know where

she was."
"Who are the people who adopted her?"
Thay too "Oh, that I cannot tell you. They took out the papers in the regular way, and we had to give a bond that no claim would be made for the child by parents or guardians. She was adopted as a child into the family."

"Is it not the duty of the institution to notify parents when a child is to be bound out or adopted?"

ACTED ON ME. GERRY'S SOCIETY'S ADVICE. com-com-society, and if they say it is all right we go ahead and find places for the children, doing

Recovered.

F. L. S.

A Sailor's Rude Awakening.

Just before our torpedo engagement (sham attack on the Atlanta at Newport, R. I.) I dreamed that we were at war with some nation.

About two months ago, after waiting to hear from the Society, Weiss again took his wife to the say the say the same at the same of the parents are deeply interested in the case of lina, and propose to do their utmost to rectify the wrong which they say has been done.

They call again.

About two months ago, after waiting to hear from the Society, Weiss again took his wife to matter in the court if necessary, and the friends of the family have applied to THE EVENING WORLD to assist them in their ef-

orts. They say the Hebrews are not as a rule in clined to turn their children loose in the streets and drive them from home. READY TO GIVE BONDS FOR THE CHILD'S SUP-

Mrs. Caroline Kopelowich, who deals in diamonds and jewelry at 401 Broadway, and is a member of the Lady Foresters' Society, has interested herself greatly in the case and will use every effort to have it returned to its

parents. "I think it is a disgrace to New York that

such a thing is possible here," she said yes-

ary to get Tina out of the hands of the Society.

LET ME SEE MY CHILD.

"Let me see my child, only let me see her!" she cried in German, as she was being pushed out of the door, but the officer told her to stop her noise and closed the door on her. bringing up and a good education. Wi should they not be permitted to do so |But the parents and friends of little Tina

orier.
Jinkens, will you kindly tell me

have always lived happily with my wife and children. I have a father sixty years old in Dienenburg.

"No. I must decline to give any information to THE EVENING WORLD," he answered,

The reporter then went to the outside of-fice to await the arrival of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, irresident of the Society. When Mr. Gerry arrived he was ushered in by a private entrance, before the reporter had a chance to see and explain the case to lam. Mr. Junkens saw, him first him. Mr. Jinkens saw him first. Briefly the reporter told Mr. Gerry his

business.
'I must decline to give any information to The Evening World," he said.

Again and again the reporter tried to point out the gravity of this case to the President.

He related the facts as given above. It was

Taking a long column of clippings from The Evenino World, giving the opinions of the Supreme Court Judges, in reference to The Evenino World's children's bill. Mr. Gerry waved it at the reporter and said : The paper that takes the stand it does in

this matter, and publishes such filth, I will hold no communication with."

'The matter written there, Mr. Gerry." said the reporter. "represents the opinions of the Supreme Court Judges, but that is not the matter I was sent here to inquire about. The Weiss case is one of peculiar hardship, and The Evening World merely wants to know why the child is kept from her parents, who are abundantly able to take care of her."

Once and for all, you can get no infor-

ma'ion here," answered Mr. Gerry.

The reporter went out, while the ghost of a smile chased itself across the features of

A FEW FLASHES OF WIT.

As the Congregation Filed Out.



Rev. Mr. Mogree (who has found an unfamilia) oker-chip in the morning's collection)—I's much blooged, Mistah Pinhallow, but dat ain't one ob reg'lar club checkers, en jes' fo' kinvenienc ceashin' up, I'd like fer ter know whar yo' een playin' dis week ?

Sauce for the Goose, &c. A man that marries a widow is bound to give humming over the wire.

A Tender Reminiscence.

[From the Merchant Traveler.]
A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.

Not a Legislative Case. [From the Washington Butchet.]
A lady in Connecticut is reported as having

orsewhipped a man named Burgess for charging her with the grave offense of stealing flowers from a cometery. This is not a case for legislafrom a cemetery. This is not a case for reactive action, but may create some excitement in a tive action, but may House of Burgesses.

DIABRHEA and dysentery are averted during teething by MONILL's TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

DYING A LA CARTE.

The Many Ways in Which Prince Rudolph Is Said to Have Expired.

Apoplexy, Heart Failure, Suicide and Murder Among Them.

There Is Also a Suppressed Report that May Be More Startling.

Vienna, Feb. 7.—The following is another account of the circumstances attending the death of Crown Prince Hadolph; Rudolph had courted Baroness Marie Veteera for four months. The liaison, it is stated, was encouraged by Countess Wallersee-Lariech, a niece of the Empress. Marie, who was of romantic disposition and nervous temperament, was devoted to Endolph. On Jan. 28 the pair started in a two-horse closed carriage for Meyerling, where they passed the next day together. On the morning of Jan. 30 the two were found dead in bed. Marie had been shot through the forehead. Rudolph had also been shot as already described. It was evident that the two had resolved to die together. The coverlet was strewn with flowers. The body of Marie was secretly taken to a cottage and thence removed for interment. The Vetsera family left Vienna on Saturday for Venice.

Apparently there is no end to the ways that Prince Rudolph met his death. Despatches from Europe, with new and startling details. are of such frequent occurrence that a summary of them makes unusually interesting

reading.
THE FIRST NEWS APOPLEXY. The first despatch announced that the

Crown Prince had died of apoplexy of the brain, at Myerling. Then the cable supplemented this news by a correction. It was heart stoppage.

But, although everybody who joins the majority is troubled with heart-stoppage, the Deland, of Boston, in 1880. Austrian physicians refused to bolster up this report with their statements, and, fol- at Washington is Count Arco Valley, the Ger lowing fast on this report, it was flatly said, by the Emperor's own command, that the Archduke had suicided.

MUMBER IN THIS ONE. The next despatch had the shooting in it, but it was some other man, not Rudoif, that discharged the fatal bullet that ended the Crown Prince's life. This murderous individual was said to be husband of a lady who was at the chateau at Meyerling, This was the first appearance of "the woman in the

COMPULSORY SUICIDE. The next news had the woman in it, but it said that the death of Rudolf was suicidal. He had committed it, however, rather than meet in a duel the brother of a Princess whom he had betrayed.

MURDER ONCE MORE. Then the outraged husband came to the fore in the following cablegram. But his advent was enriched with dramatic details. He had first contronted his wife with his knowledge of her infidelity, and fairly bullied the poor thing into suicide, which she committed by poison in the wild hope of meeding her honor. Having settled thus summarily with the wife of his bosom, the nobleman rushed off to the shooting-box of Rudolf and shot

him through the head as he was sitting in his bed. DUEL WITH DICE THIS TIME.

The next version harked back to the duel and this time it was an 'American duel. This sort of duel is conducted by the oppon An Open Question.

[Prom the Lincoln Journal.]

If all people were to "vote as they pray," it wouldn't take long to count the ballots.

A Matter of Space.

[Prom Deake's Magazine.]

When the New York daily papers are crowded for space they always print Suakim with an "n."

MUBDER AND SUICIDE TOGETHER. Again the most florid account of all came A man that marries a widow is bound to give up sending and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him he should give up the weed for her.

Well-Supported Name.

[From the Washington Batchet.]

Boulanger is the French for "baker." The General of that name seems to be well supported by the French-bred people.

| Name t was the sketch.

He Came from Chicago.

[Prom the American Commercial Traveler.]

"Mr. Speaker, I've got the floor." "So I perceive, sir, and if your feet were a little larger you'd have the whole block."

A Tender Reminiscence.

Another version of the suicide narrative is that Prince Rudoiph met the Baroness in a game-kceper's cottage, a forester surprised them, and Rudolph was short in the shoulder while trying to escape, The Baroness thereupon took poison, the forester killed himself, and the Prince went home and committed suicide. home and committed suicide.

The first news sent to rome.

Lastly, the church end of the line is heard from in connection with Rudolf's death. A Roman despatch to the London Daily News says that the first telegram to the Vatican simply announced the death of the Crown Prince. Leo XIII. wrote, with his own with. Prince, Leo XIII. wrote, with his own with, ered, trembling hand that could hardly hold a pen, four lines of condolence, Inlecto Amantassimoque Nostro Fillo, Francisco Ioseph.

Teacher (at Mission Sunday-school)—Details any of the other boys come, Jacob, I must take the opportunity of saying to you privately that you are not careful enough of your personal appearance. Excuse me for saying it, Jacob, but you ought at least to wash your face and hands you, but I couldn't do it and keep my job. Teacher—What is your occupation, Jacob? Jacob—I sell Turkish caudy on the street.

The next day the news reached Rome of the Let a Policeman Do It.

| From Texas Sixings.|

A friend of ours who is an enthusiast about walking mays we don't know what a pleasure it is to take an early morning tramp. No, and we don't want to know. If an early morning or a late night tramp is to be taken we prefer to let a policeman attend to the job.

The next day the news reached Rome of the duel fought on a table-cover, with dice for weapons, the unfortunate cast of Rudolf, and his self-externmation with a revolver as a consequence. His Holiness durriedly called a conclave of the Men in Red. Here was a complication worthy of their subtle brains. A man had committed suicide, and suicides are refused Christian burial by the Catholic Church.

But the man was Rudolf, son of a most devoted son of the Church and heir apparent.

devoted son of the Church and heir apparent strength of mind, nerves and body which makes one to the Austrian crown! What kind of suicide el perfectly well.

was it? Well, a most fantastic one. This young Mightiness had thrown dice with an inferior to see which of the two should blow out his brains! Absurd grotesqueness. And the Crown Prince had lost, and—had blown out his brains! Madness. But mad suicides are not held by the law denying Christian burial, as they don'i know what they are doing.

ing.

The conclave breathes once more. The cardinals fold up their trains and depart. The mortal remains of Archduke Rudolf are interred in the Capuchin Church, with the hole in the back of his skull hidden by the satin folds of the casket.

BURIED. So, on Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Prince Hohenlohe formally consigned the remains of the heir to the Austrian crown to the Father Guardian of the Augustinian Church, in Vienna. In the storied vaults lie the mouldering skulls which were once bound by the Imperial circlet. Rudolph, in all the tragic herror of his unexplained death, has cone to ich his ancestors.

has gone to join his ancestors, A SUPPRESSED ACCOUNT.

The Pester Lloyd, with a lofty virtue that would wring tears from a cocotle declares that it has the full and authentic account of the immediate cause of the Meyerling tragedy, but that it involves very delicate and purely private matters and as the first family in the land has the same claim to considera-tion which is granted to even the lowest, it will never, oh never! tell what it knows. The Pester Lioud will probably break loose within a week, and then there may be so other variation on the theme.

WORLDLINGS.

A Boston statistican makes public the interesting information that more than 25,000,000 pies are made in the Hub every year.

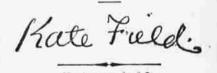
Gray hair for women is said to have become uch a rage in Paris that locks which until lately would have been dyed brown are now bleached Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is a great

smoker, but he prefers a pipe to a cigar, and the pine he likes best of all is a corneob, such as any made in thousands in Missouri. Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of "John

Ward, Preacher," is about thirty years old. She was born and educated in a country town near Pittsburg, Pa. She was married to Mr. Lorm The handsomest man in the diplomatic corps man Minister. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, rather

be by all odds the finest looking man seen on the avenues of the Capital. OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

alender and straight as an arrow. He is said to





Little Frankie-When I grow up I'm ear mine that way, too. His Mother—Your what, dear? Frankle—My mustache. Capt. Render's don's nterfere with his eating a bit.

Justice-Policeman Tuff, why did you club this man so severely? Officer Tuff-That thing there gave me sass and resisted arrest, Your Honor, so I just did Justice—You have exceeded your author'ty so often that I think you had better resign from the force and get a position as a clerk in a grocery, where your propensity for "doing up things" will be appreciated.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.] "Yes, madam, it is rather costly. You see it was made for the Duchess of Tweedledum by special order, and it was so small she could never get it around her wrist. We have had it three years and have never found any one but you who could wearit."
"Did you say it is \$2,000? Well, I guess I will take it."

Out of Sorts Is a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendence. or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life.

The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious, the nerves seem ov worked, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sara-parilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony to the system and gives that

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